

PS 2545

P2C3

No. 158
1833

CLAYTON'S EDITION.

CAMILLUS;

OR,

THE SELF-EXILED PATRIOT.

A Tragedy, in Five Acts.

BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, PHILA-
DELPHIA, FEBRUARY 8, 1833.

NEW-YORK:—E. B. CLAYTON,
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16 South Seventh-street.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Arch-street Theatre, 1833.

MARCUS FURIUS CAMILLUS, <i>Tribune,</i>	}	Mr. H. G. Pearson.
<i>and afterwards Dictator,</i>		
PONTUS COMINIUS, <i>a young Soldier,</i>	}	Mr. Murdock.
<i>and friend of CAMILLUS,</i>		
LUCIUS APULEUS.....		Mr. Reed.
LICINIUS STOLO.....		Mr. W. S. Walton.
FLAVIUS.....		Mr. Jones.
MARCUS CEDITUS.....		Mr. Porter.
LUCRETIVS.....		Mr. Sprague.
SERVUS SULPITIUS.....		Mr. Horton.
PALO, <i>Bondsman of CAMILLUS</i>		Mr. Quin.

Soldiers, Senators, Citizens, &c.

CAMILLA, <i>Daughter of CAMILLUS</i>	Miss Riddle.
RHEA, <i>her Nurse</i>	Mrs. Buckley.

GAULS.

BRENNUS, <i>the Gallic General</i>	Mr. Stickney.
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Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—PARTLY IN ROME AND ARDEA.

1739

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, by JONAS B. PHILIPS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New-York.

PS 2565
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TO

M. M. NOAH, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

THE interest you have ever manifested in the cause of the dramatic literature of our country, and the zeal with which your efforts have always been directed to its advancement, embolden me to dedicate to you my first attempt at tragedy.

A stronger reason, however, exists, to justify the liberty I have taken, in placing, without permission, your name upon this page, and it is found in the recollection of the frequent manifestations of friendly regard I have experienced at your hands, and which I am gratified in having the opportunity, thus sincerely, however feebly, to acknowledge.

With sentiments of esteem, allow me to subscribe myself, your grateful and attached friend,

JONAS B. PHILLIPS.

THIS Tragedy was written during the summer of 1830, and, probably, would have remained in obscurity, but for the friendly interest of H. G. Pearson, Esq., who undertook the study and personation of Camillus, and introduced it to public notice on the 8th of February, 1833, at the Arch-street Theatre, in Philadelphia, the city of our mutual nativity.

Whether it is to this circumstance, or to any intrinsic merit the play possesses, I am indebted to the flattering reception it received, and the favourable notices of the critics of Philadelphia, the public will now have an opportunity of judging; and in throwing myself upon the indulgence of its readers, I entreat them to bear in mind, that it is my *first* invocation of the tragic muse.

Though not present at its performance, its success, and the established reputation of the actors, are sufficient guarantees that the respective parts were skilfully delineated; and I avail myself of this opportunity to tender my thanks to MESSRS. JONES, DUFFY & FORREST, the managers of the Theatre, and particularly to Mr. PEARSON, for the care and attention bestowed upon its production. The unanimous award of praise to Miss RIDDLE, who personated the character of Camilla, assures me that I have every reason to be gratified that the part was entrusted to one so capable of giving it effect. One other fact I mention with pride, and which, perhaps, an author has seldom had an opportunity of noticing, is, that my tragedy, an *American* production, was performed, and *well performed*, by AMERICAN ACTORS.

To the gentlemen, who, though entire strangers, so kindly furnished the prologue and epilogue, I tender my most grateful acknowledgments, and only regret that, in presenting the former to the public, I cannot announce the name of its accomplished author.

This Tragedy is now the property of my fellow citizens; and if its publication tends, in the slightest degree, to advance the cause of American dramatic literature, I shall be amply remunerated in having contributed, even thus slightly, to the promotion of an object of deep and heartfelt interest.

New-York, July 18, 1833.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, AND SPOKEN BY MR. THAYER.

IF we retrace the line of mental light,
To where its birth delivered it from night,
We'd find it, lessening back from age to age,
To have first dawn'd on the dramatic stage.
Will you not then rewardingly regard
The maiden Tragedy of our young bard ?
And let us, in your patriot fiat find,
Exotics don't monopolize your mind.
For you, he has explor'd Rome's classic ground,
Where heroes, bards, and patriots were found ;
Among them, did the good Camillus rise,
To gild the calm and cheer the stormy skies.
Nor last was he to break the Roman's yoke,
Since Music first, among the stars awoke.
Wide o'er the world dark desolation threw
Her hopeless clouds, and veil'd the patriot few.
No vista gave a solitary ray,
No orient crimson hail'd the coming day !
But dark-eyed calumny, with tow'ring crest,
Expell'd from Rome her bravest and her best,
Who wept e'en to behold his foeman bleed,
While coward slaves stood smiling at the deed.
Beside the gate, to speak his farewell will
To those who stood in friendship, changeless still,
Stood proud Camillus, with dishevelled hair,
His mind with grief diseas'd, his bosom bare ;
And then in bitterest anguish wept the doom
Which thus consign'd him to a living tomb.
And thou, resplendent daughter of the morn,
Of smiling Heav'n for weeping mankind born,

Bright Liberty ! when, driv'n by envious ire,
Thou did'st behold thy noblest son retire,
Thou couldst not find another rampart then,
From which to light with hope, the hearts of men ;
No friendly land on which to build thy shrine ;
No worthy altars, for thy fires divine !
Hopeless around didst thou creation view,
And spread thy wings to bid the world " adieu."
But hark ! what shouts awake the weary skies !
What glorious vision greets thy longing eyes ?
As Justice loans her scales, in which the slaves
Must sell their only home for foreign graves,
Camillus comes, to make the foeman feel,
If Rome *must* fall, tis not by "*gold*" but "*steel*."
So persecuted man asserts his right,
And fires the patriot, for th' impending fight.
O'er their throng'd ranks the glittering eagles play ;
Fierce for the strife Camillus leads the way :
With fearless arm he strikes the deathful blow,
And frowns his country's vengeance on the foe.
Each crimson'd field, each trophied conflict braves,
A people rescues and an empire saves.
Oh ! if one virtue brighter than the rest
Still lives to dignify the human breast,
It is the love, the burning that we feel
For our dear native land, in wo and weal ;
It is to mingle with her tears our blood ;
Weep at her grief, and gladden at her good !
It is, that be her foeman ne'er so strong,
We still defend "*Our country, right or wrong*."

CAMILLUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.* FLAVIUS and other
CITIZENS assembled.

1st. *Cit.* COME they towards us, worthy Flavius ?

Flav. I cannot tell ; my sight is indistinct,
And cannot penetrate the gather'd crowd.
But is not yonder, Licinius Stolo ?

1st. *Cit.* The same, and with a hasty step he comes ;
There is a cloud upon his brow. Flavius,
Methinks this triumph of our Camillus
Likes him not.

Flav. Gently, neighbour ; he is here.

Enter LICINIUS STOLO.

Good morrow, sir ; a merry greeting t'you ;
A proud day this, for Rome !

Licin. Proud ! say you so ?
Why a proud day for Rome ? come, tell me, sir ;
Yesterday, the sun shone full as bright upon her,
The wind was balmy, as it is to-day ;
Her citizens went to their daily toil
With cheerfulness and gayety. To-day,
They stand in idle groups about the streets,
And noisy acclamations, rend the air.
I say you speak not truly, then, fair sir,
For Rome, this is a day of grief, not pride.

Flav. Does not Camillus come, with conquest crown'd
From Veii ?

Luc. And how comes he ? didst ever hear
Of any victor who so enter'd Rome ?
In regal pomp, drawn in the sacred car,

Attir'd in costly robes, jewell'd, and crown'd,
And painted with vermilion like a god.

Flav. He has done much for Rome.

Licin. And so have you.

I have heard you boast, that you were father
To four as gallant boys as ever Roman
Citizen was bless'd with. Make them good men,
And you will then have done as much for Rome
As your new deity.

Flav. You do him wrong.

A better Roman and a braver man
Exists not. See, he alights, and this way,
Follow'd by th' admiring crowd, approaches.
I pray thee, stay, and wear a calmer brow.

Licin. And join the noisy throng, and, like them, leap
And throw my cap in air, and shout hurrah!
Or upon bended knee, with voice subdu'd,
Do homage to your idol. Shall I so?

(Shouts without.)

Flav. Come, come, take down your hands, close not
Against the hearty shouts of gratitude. [your ears
Listen! the soul of every Roman
Is pour'd forth; you cannot now depart,
The victor's here.

*Enter CAMILLUS, PONTUS COMINIUS, LUCIUS APULEUS,
and CITIZENS. Shouts and flourish.*

Camillus. Enough, enough, kind friends; no more I
Your loud applause exceeds my poor deserts, [pray;
And claims my gratitude. Hie to your homes,
Suspend your daily toil; be this a day
Of mirth and recreation to ye all.
To one and all, once more I yield my thanks.

Cit. Hurrah! long live Camillus.

[Exeunt CITIZENS and FLAVIUS.]

Camillus. Pontus Cominius, thou canst tell, perchance,
Why thus Licinius Stolo stands aloof,
And seems not to partake the gen'ral joy.

Pon. He is of sullen humour, and when smiles
Beam upon other brows, frowns rest on his.

Camillus. Lucius Apuleus too : but then, he came
And tender'd his congratulations ; yet
With an air so cold, an eye so jealous,
I plainly saw, they came not from the heart.
Licinius has not spoken.

Pon. Not yet.

Shall I remind him of your presence ?

Camillus. No. I would not have you do so, Pontus ;
The man that loves his country honestly,
Requires no prompting to perform his duty.
I have not seen my gentle daughter yet,
And she will chide me for my long delay ;
You shall speed on, and warn her of my coming.

Pon. You have assigned me to a pleasing task—
I hasten to perform it.

Camillus. Have with you.

Home, is the soldier's only spot of peace !
And the bright smiles that welcome his return,
Affection's sunshine, give bloom and lustre
To the flowers of life, repay his cares,
And make his laurels ever green.

[*Exeunt CAMILLUS and PONTUS.*]

LICINIUS STOLO and LUCIUS APULEUS come down stage.

Licin. Well met, Apuleus ;
I thought not to have seen you in the throng,
Following the chariot of yon self-made god.

Luc. You spoke not.

Licin. No, I could not school myself
To play the flatterer, so bit my lips
In silence—where go you ?

Luc. To meet some friends.
Hark in thine ear, good Stolo ; this conquest
Shall be a dear one to the conqueror.

Licin. What mean you ?

Luc. You shall know all ; follow me
And I'll unfold to you my purposes.

Licin. I attend you. Something should now be done ;
The people are as sudden in their hate,
As they are ever in their love.

Luc. 'Tis so,

And I will turn the honey into gall.
'Tis but to wear a smooth unruffled brow,
Until the hour of accusation comes,
And then 'twill be so bold and back'd with proof,
Even his worshippers will cry out, "shame!"
I'll tell ye more anon. Come, it grows late,
And we must lose no time, Licinius. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Mansion of CAMILLUS.*

Enter CAMILLA, meeting RHEA.

Camilla. Now, quick; what tidings Rhea? I prithee
Comes my good father home, and is he nigh, [tell;
That I, love wing'd, may fly to welcome him?
Now answer me.

Rhea. There's one without, who bears
A message from him—shall I admit him?

Camilla. 'Twas a needless question: comes he not
With tidings from my father? You tarry.
I would that you were younger and more swift.
But, behold, he does not wait my summons.
'Tis Cominius—thou might'st have said 'twas he;
Thou should'st have ta'en the message from him.
Thou canst leave me, Rhea; if need, I'll call thee.
[Exit RHEA.

Enter PONTUS COMINIUS.

Camilla. I gladly welcome thee, Cominius,
And joy sincerely in thy safe return.
Where does my father tarry? 'tis most strange
He should have been so many hours in Rome,
And not have stolen one to give his child.

Pon. You wrong him, fair one, for his heart was here,
Though the people's love detain'd him from you,
Until the day thus far has spent itself.
He now wends homeward, but bade me hasten,
To allay your fears, and warn you of his coming.

Camilla. Thanks, good Cominius! a thousand fears,
Caus'd by his long delay, had fill'd my soul

With gloomy apprehension—now, tell me,
Is he well? have not the toils of war
Impair'd his health? has he escap'd all danger?
Now, answer, I beseech thee, gallant Pontus.

Pon. See where he comes. His presence answers thee.
Behold the glow of health upon his cheek;
Does not a step so firm betoken strength?

Enter CAMILLUS. CAMILLA meets him.

Camilla. My dear, dear father! my silly heart's so
It cannot speak its welcome or its joy. [full,

Camillus. (embracing her.) My own fair girl! Pontus,
if thou shouldst live

To be, like me, a father! thou wilt say
The purest feelings that exalt mankind,
Are those to which paternal love gives birth;
And no sublunar joy can equal that
Which the fond duty of a child affords.
Come still closer to my heart, Camilla!
While thou art here, the wild and painful throbs
Which the loud plaudits of the multitude,
And the excitement which this conquest cause,
Give place to gentler feelings, such as spring
From the sweet calm of natural affection.
Tell me, how have you far'd? how sped your time?
Health cheer'd you in my absence, or else
Your cheeks, that wear a bloom so beautiful,
Speak falsely, which thy tongue has never done.

Camilla. I have indeed been well, save when my fears
For thee, dear father, in these times of peril,
Have caus'd a sudden sickness at my heart,
Which, for the moment, might perchance o'ercome me.
My good old Rhea has, since thou left us,
Been father and mother to thy spoil'd child;
And I have had a suitor in thine absence,
Who never dar'd to press his suit before.
But it matters not.

Camillus. It matters not!

Didst thou say so, Camilla? but it does;
For when thou saidst so, girl, there came a cloud
Dark'ning the sunlight of thy brow. I must know

I'll cling unto ye both ; ye sha'n't go forth,
Till ye have promis'd to forget it all ;
And, on my soul, if he again renews
His odious suit, ye both shall know it.
Upon a day like this, when the pure air
Is fill'd with acclamations in thy praise,
Wouldst thou, my father, see thy child in tears,
Care on her brow and terror in her heart ?
The lustre of a glorious vict'ry
Still is upon thy sword ; say, my father,
Would not blood like his dim it for ever ?

Camillus. It may be so. Rest, my poor trembler, rest ;
I promise all you wish—Cominius,
You must yield as I do ; this little girl,
Will die with terror else, the silly one !

Camilla. Now you are kind again, and I am happy.
But I forget the little feast that waits ;
Come, do it honour.

Camillus. Cominius may :
I must to the senate, where I'm summon'd :
They want explanation ; something about
A silly vow I made, and had forgotten.
Go with her, man ; partake her little feast ;
Amuse her with the stories of the war,
'Till I return ; and if Apuleus comes,
She will not need old Palo's aid again.
Farewell, farewell—I shall not leave ye long ;
Tho' if I staid 'till midnight, ye would deem
My coming speedy, love's hours are so short.
Again, farewell. [Exit CAMILLUS.]

Camilla. Come, Cominius,
If you would cheer me with your presence,
Banish that frown, I pray—why lingers it ?
We have some rich Falernian within,
Perchance it will recall thy truant spirit.

Pon. Thy pardon, gentle one ; but I am chaf'd
Whene'er the insolence of Apuleus
Rekurs to me. I'll look on thee and smile ;
Forget past cares, in present happiness,
And only talk of love—I've much to say.

Camilla. And I have much to ask—how sweet that
Which, like ours, my Cominius, commenc'd [love,

In childhood, and which has grown and ripened,
Beneath the sunshine of a parent's smile.
Let us within, and we will then compare
The soul recorded notes of past events.

Pon. Call it the journal of the heart, sweet love!
The hallowed register of feelings
Pure as the dreams of angels.—I attend you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street in front of the Senate House.*
FLAVIUS and CITIZENS discovered.

Enter LICINIUS STOLO.

Licin. What make ye here? are ye all men of wealth,
That ye can leave your avocations thus,
To follow still the footsteps of a man,
Who knows ye pliant, meek, submissive dolts,
And leads or drives ye as his pleasure prompts?
Home, home, I say; here ye are out of place.

Flav. We cry your mercy, sir; we're Romans all;
Freemen, whose rights are equal to your own,
And 'tis befitting that we all should know
What our Senate decrees in this behalf.

Licin. Why, what should it decree? your hero came,
And boldly said. he had forgot the vow
That he would yield a tithe of all the spoils
Unto Apollo; so it was ordained
That the poor soldiers, who received the same,
Should each produce a tenth part of the value;
And then it was resolved, a vase of gold
Should be presented to the Delphian God.

1st Cit. And ends it there? and will they sanction
This trifling with a vow made to the gods? [thus

Licin. Sanction? why, perjury is virtuous,
And meets reward, not punishment. [*Shouts without.*]
Hark to that shout! I should not marvel now,
If they confer new honours on the idol!

Enter LUCIUS APULEUS.

Tell me, Apuleus, what new folly's this?

Luc. Hold! what mean you, honest Stolo? folly!
You impeach the wisdom of the Senate,
Which has a third time made noble Camillus

Tribune; and, behold, he now approaches,
To be confirmed here by the people's voice
In his appointment. What say ye, citizens,
Are ye satisfied?

1st Cit. We are not satisfied!

Luc. Why, this is well, what honest Roman is?
He does not merit your affection, friends;
And his ambition overleaps his claims—
I'm glad to hear ye say ye are not pleased.

Flav. Who says so? 'twas but a solitary voice;
And that, from one who speaks but for himself.
I am content with what has been decreed,
So is my neighbour Publius, at my side,
And so is Marcus here, and old Ventinus—
Speak! are ye not?

Citizens. We are all satisfied!

Luc. Who bade *you* speak? I say they're *not* content.
They spoke dissatisfaction thro' the voice
Of yonder independent citizen,
Who boldly dared to speak his feelings here,
And not disguise them with fine words, like you.
Silence! I say.

Flav. Listen, good citizens,
I charge ye listen, how this pure patriot
Would control our speech, and bid us silence,
When we dare speak our honest sentiments.

[*Shouts without.*]

Lo! the hero comes—mark yon discontent,
Yon "*independent citizen*" that spoke,
His cap is first in hand; 'twould honour him
Beyond his poor deserts, to force his flight,
So let him e'en remain; his shame is dumb.

Enter CAMILLUS, followed by CITIZENS. Shouts, &c.

Camillus. Thanks, friends and countrymen! had I
the gift

To coin fair words, and play the orator,
Ye should not find me niggard of my speech.
This unsought honour thrice conferred, and now,
At the very hour when your foes and mine,
The enemies of liberty and Rome,
Sought to deprive me of your envied love,

Has tenfold claim unto my gratitude.
I pray ye, to your homes. Let those who will,
Prepare to join me 'gainst the Falerians.
Speak ! who will follow me ?

Citizens. All, Camillus, all !

Camillus. With such defenders, Rome is ever safe !
Once more I bid ye home, and quick prepare,
For in this war, we needs must use despatch.

[*Exeunt CITIZENS.*

Lucius Apuleus, those are *honest* men.
Think you, that one of them would dare intrude
Into the dwelling of a citizen,
And in his absence, offer to his child
The daring insult of an odious suit ?
Speak out—what think you, sir ? Oh ! you are dumb.
Now, by the gods ! but that 'twould honour thee,
Here in the streets of Rome, in open day,
I would chastise thee, like a worthless slave !
What ! is your hand upon your sword ?
You will not dare to draw it, fearing mine
Should from its scabbard leap. Be quiet, sir ;
My sword is for the brave and honourable ;
For such as you, scorn is the sharper weapon.

Lucin. Apuleus, will you endure all this ?
You cannot fear him ; I am at your side.

Camillus. Oh ! you are valiant, sir, and would abet
This *honourable* man. Why, look ye, sirs,
Ye dare not strike a bold and open blow ;
And you, Lucinius, trembled even now,
Lest brave Apuleus should accept the aid
You proffered him so very gallantly.

Luc. You shall repent this public outrage, sir,
Upon a citizen, this gross offence
Against the city's quiet. Look to it.

Camillus. Didst *thou* speak ? *thou*, Lucius Apuleus ?
And talk of outrage on a citizen,
And dare to threaten *me*, in Rome's wide streets ?
Tempt me no more, lest I forget myself,
And cloud the glory of my ancestry,
By punishing thy insolence with blows.
By all the gods ! I swear, I am abashed,
That I have been betray'd into the shame

Of holding parlance with so vile a thing.
Good day, fair sirs, friends of the injur'd people,
I leave ye to your patriot conference.
I know ye, masters; ye have much to learn,
And your experience shall be dearly bought.

[Exit CAMILLUS.]

Licin. Was it forbearance, Lucius, that withheld
Thy hand, or fear?

Luc. Fear! he holds no thunder!
Tho' 'tis well he cannot rob high Jove
Of that dread attribute of pow'r supreme!
Hark ye, good Stolo, if prudence sometime
Did not temper vengeance, too often
Would our acts defeat our ends. 'Tis as bad
To move too rashly in an enterprise,
As to protract it till the time has past.
Had I slain him then, what would we have gain'd?
Nought but the people's hatred. We must wait.
The fever of the times will soon grow cool.
There's still another charge to blast his fame,
We yet can make, well fortified with proof;
And in a dearer point I yet shall wound him.

Licin. And that is—

Luc. What not even thou must know;
Mine is a private animosity,
And must not clash with that in which we're leagued.
Have you sounded Marcus Manlius?

Licin. Yes!

He may be won in time. He does not love
Camillus, nor yet hate him. Give but spur
To the ambition of young Manlius,
And we secure him. Have you seen Quintus?

Luc. Yes!

It is now the hour he appointed
To meet me at my dwelling. Come with me;
Some others will be there you'll joy to meet.
Fear Camillus! Stolo, he shall fear us! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Garden of CAMILLUS.*

Enter PONTUS COMINIUS and CAMILLA.

Pon. Thanks, my Camilla, 'twas a gentle strain,
And I would bid thee, fairest, still sing on,
Had I not now thy kindness overtax'd.
Music of peace, like that which you discourse,
Falls on the soldier's ear as the soft strains
That angels warble in their Paradise.

Camilla. Go to, you are no camp-bred soldier, Pontus,
Inur'd to wars, and to the din of arms ;
You have grown a pretty flatterer ;
A coiner of fair and silken phrases,
To suit the vanity of womankind.

Pon. For once you are unjust. I am not school'd
In that soft art, known to the plum'd gallant,
Who starts and trembles at the trumpet's sound,
But sinks like a lull'd infant to repose,
When the soft music of a mandoline,
Touch'd by some fairy hand, falls on his ear ;
But see, your father comes ; his step is quick ;
There is much earnestness upon his brow—
Something of sudden import has occurred,
And it disturbs him strangely—he is here.

Enter CAMILLUS.

Camillus. Camilla, I have left some toys with Rhea,
That will delight thy girlish fancy much ;
Go, examine them—I'll send for thee anon.

Camilla. (*taking his hand, and looking earnestly in his face.*) My dear, dear, father !

Camillus. Well, what would'st thou have ?
There is a world of question in that look,
An anxious speaking in those eyes of thine,
To which thy tongue will give no utt'rance.
Speak, what is't thou seek'st ? thy doves are dead !
Well, I have ordered others for thee.
Not that ! well what is it then ? speak boldly, girl.

Camilla. I will, since you command me so to do.
I am a silly girl, but I can read

In thy flush'd cheek and restless wandering eye,
That something has occur'd to mar thy peace.

Camillus. Why, what should do so? I am much be-
The people throng around me as I walk, [lov'd,
And the Senate have again declar'd me
A tribune of the military; yet
My peace *was* marr'd; I saw Apuleus,
Saw and heard him speak, and, would'st believe it,
I did not strike him down, tho' my hands itch'd
To grasp the caitiff's throat, and yet they did not.
Camilla, Rhea is waiting for thee;
Why dost thou linger thus and hang on me?
I will not leave thee and not bid farewell.
Go, timid one, I'll summon thee again:
I would confer with Pontus—lingering yet? (*kissing her.*)
There, take this kiss, and go. [*Exit CAMILLA.*

Now, Cominius,

Raise my standard quickly, for we must march,
With all due speed, 'gainst the Faliscii.
These are bad times, when to protect ourselves
We needs must keep our citizens abroad.
Sedition poisons the pure air at home;
They must be taken where it cannot reach.

Pon. Thou canst not fear sedition; 'twill not reach
The brave, protected by the people's love.

Camillus. The people!

The winds are truer to a point,
Than they are ever in their love. To-day,
The glory of a brilliant victory,
Wins their applause, and we miscall it, love—
To-morrow, their same idol, fails perchance,
And he is hunted down, a thing disgraced.
I tell you, Pontus, there are foes at home,
Who strive with venom'd industry, to spread
Sedition thro' the city. Camilla! [*To CAMILLA, entering.*
Did I not bid thee wait my summons, girl?
Thou heard'st me, did'st thou not?

Camilla. Pardon my fears,
That urg'd me to thy presence. My father,
There is a crowd without, that loudly cry,
They come to join the legions of Camillus—
I saw thy ready armour in the hall;

And as I pass'd, beheld thy gallant war-steed
At the gate; my heart has sadly answer'd
That I came to ask, again you leave us.

Camillus. And it has answered truly; so it is—
My country bids me to the wars again,
And I have ever tutor'd thee, Camilla,
To bow submissively to her commands. [*Noise without.*]

Enter PALO.

What means means that tumult, Palo?

Palo. The people
Throng around the gates, and claim admittance.

Camillus. What do they seek?

Palo. Permission at your hands,
To follow you to the Falerian wars.

Camillus. Why, this is well—go, Palo and admit them.
[*Exit PALO.*]

Camilla shall behold, by what brave men
Her country it defended. Cominius,
What would Licinius Stolo say to this?
This looks not like sedition, think'st thou so?
And yet there is no trusting to their love,
Tho' it were best that we should seem confiding.
My Camilla, why dost thou tremble, girl?
These are our friends that come—Romans, not foes!

Enter MARCUS CEDITUS and CITIZENS.

Welcome, all welcome, friends and countrymen!
This bold forthcoming in our country's cause,
Gives earnest of success, and claims my thanks.
I'm ready on the instant to set forth—
Are ye prepared to quit your firesides?

Ced. We are prepared, and joy that you accept
The humble aid we proffer in the cause
Of Rome and liberty!

Camillus. I could not wrong
The country of our birth, by a denial
Of your patriot suit. Camilla,
Here in the presence of our countrymen,
I bless thee, my fair child, and bid farewell.
No tears—thou art a Roman!

Camilla.

My father!

Camillus. Wilt thou not say farewell unto Cominius?
Come cheer thee, girl; you do these gallant men
A most unpardonable wrong, to fear,
Or *seem* to fear, the issue of this war.
We must succeed, and I shall soon return
Again, to see my fair and darling one
Smile a bright welcome on her fond father.

Camilla. I will obey, and act as thou would'st wish,
Although my heart should break—go, my father!
Cominius, countrymen, I bid ye go.
Parent to child, and husband unto wife,
Brethren to sisters, lovers to weeping maids,
A safe, a joyous, and a quick return.
I yield a blessing, and farewell to all.

Camillus. (*embracing her.*) My own brave girl! thy
pray'rs will prosper us.
[*To RHEA, entering.*] Rhea, thou hast come in time to
take thy charge,
And guard her with an ever jealous care.
There, let her weep upon thy breast, old Rhea;
She cannot longer struggle with her tears.

[*He places CAMILLA in the arms of RHEA.*]

Camilla. Farewell, my father! Cominius, farewell!

Pon. (*kissing her hand.*) May all good angels guard
thee, gentle one,
And Heaven bless thee with benign protection.

Camillus. Now, Cominius! now, my countrymen!
Follow! on to Faleria—away!

[*Rushes out, followed by COMINIUS and CITIZENS.*]

*CAMILLA breaks from RHEA, and kneels in an
attitude of prayer.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of CAMILLUS.**CAMILLA discovered.*

Camilla. How weary are the hours of loneliness!
How sad, and dull, and spiritless time flies,
When beguiled not by the joyous presence
Of those whose smiles give lightness to his wings.
I have heard that solitude was pleasing,
But could it e'er possess a charm for those
It sever'd from the scenes of early life?
Ah, no! 'tis sweet to listen to the voice
Which first broke on the ears of infancy;
To gaze upon the face which first we lov'd,
Breathe the same atmosphere inhal'd by those
Whose smiles, the very sunlight of existence,
Impart unto the fragile plant of life
Its bloom and lustre; such are the pure charms,
Of which cold solitude deprives mankind.
With those we love, the dreariest spot on earth
Would be a Paradise; deprived of them,
The fairest 'neath the sun becomes a desert.
Who comes? is't you, good Rhea?

Enter LUCIUS APULEUS.

Luc. No, fair one,
Not thy old nurse, one who would cherish thee
With tenderer care

Camilla. Apuleus!

Luc. Yes, proud maiden! the scorn'd Apuleus!
I am not one whom a cold look could freeze;
Or haughty words from scornful beauty's lips,
Fright into abandonment of purpose.
I love thee, and I tell thee so, Camilla:
Despite of that cold frown and bitter smile,
I dare to tell thee that I love thee, girl!
And more, will have requital of my love!

Camilla. Requital! yes, thou shalt have requital,
Such as thy insolent presumption meeds.

Think'st thou that tho' my choice was free as air,
I could yield up my heart to one like thee?

Luc. I ask it not; it is a foolish creed,
Which tells us of the interchange of hearts;
'Twas only made for fools and sickly poets.
I do not ask thy heart—I want thyself—
Heart, soul, jewels and casket must be mine!

Camilla. Am I the daughter of Camillus?
A free born maid of Rome, and doom'd to hear
Language like this, from lips that I abhor!
Twice hast thou dared to persecute me thus—
Twice in my father's absence, knowing well,
If he were here, thou durst not thus presume.
At once, I do command thee from my presence!

Luc. I cannot, fair one, yield to that command;
Thy charms have chained me to this fairy spot.
But now I heard thee rail 'gainst solitude,
And yet, unkindly, you command me hence—
To leave you to your cheerless loneliness.
I will not go.

Camilla. Will not? what ho! without!
Palo! Servius! where are all the slaves,
That not one comes, to rid me of his presence?

Luc. Listen, Camilla; all thy cries are vain.
'Tis said thy father wends a homeward course,
And all thy bondsmen have gone forth to meet him.
I have come here to tell thee, that on thyself
Depends the future greatness of thy sire;
A breath of mine can blast him.

Camilla. Dost threaten?
The air of grateful Rome, I know too pure
For calumny to live in. I fear not
Thee, Apuleus, nor thy idle threats.
The love thou canst not win, thou shalt not force.
Once more, I bid thee hence!

Luc. (*Kneeling and taking her hand.*) Not 'till I
And swear on bended knee, and on this hand, [swear,
That I will yet subdue thy stubborn pride.

Camilla. This is too much! my swelling veins will
Oh for a dagger to avenge myself! [burst!
Unhand me, insolent! help, Rhea, help!

PONTUS COMINIUS *rushing in.*

Pon. Who calls for help? is it thou, Camilla?
[*Seizing APULEUS.*] Ha! have I found thee slave? art
And daring to pollute her with thy touch? [here again,
Now could I strike this poniard to thy heart,
But that the filthy blood, it must let forth,
Would taint the atmosphere Camilla breathes.

Camilla. Let him depart, Cominius, I pray;
He is unworthy of thy noble rage.

Luc. Unhand me, sir! I will not be detained;
I am unarmed, and you most valiantly
Avail yourself of the advantage,
Which my defenceless situation gives.

Pon. Poor braggart, hence! thou art too vile a thing.
E'en for the chastisement a rod could give.
Begone, and if thou dar'st, hie to the Senate,
And look Camillus in the face: he's there
The conqueror of the Faliscii,
The hero of a bloodless victory;
The news is wormwood for thee—hence, serpent!

Luc. Serpent! dost think me one, Cominius?
Beware my sting—beware the serpent's venom. [*Exit.*

Pon. He threatens, but fear him not, Camilla;
He trembles while he does so—the dastard!
Call back the truant roses to thy cheek,
For I have news to joy thy filial heart.
Thy father has return'd again triumphant;
No widows' tears or hapless orphans' cries,
Embittering the sweets of victory.
At the Senate house, awhile he tarries,
But with his presence soon will gladden thee.
How now! why dost thou tremble so? art ill?

Camilla. I do not tremble—do I, Cominius?
It is not for myself, indeed it is not,
But for my father, whom I fondly love.
Haste to the Senate house, Cominius;
Be near my father, watch Apuleus,
For he has sworn his ruin—delay not.
Perhaps 'tis idle fear, but oh! I feel
As though some unknown sorrow o'er me hung.
Thy arm, Cominius—nay, do not chide

This silly weakness, even with a look.
I have borne much, and borne it with a pride,
Befitting well the daughter of Camillus—
But we lose time, and I would have you speed.
Impart not to my father what thou'st seen;
Say I but sent thee to urge his coming.
Thou wilt not sure deny me?

Pon. Deny thee?
Nothing, my gentle one, that thou could'st ask.
Quiet thy fears, Camilla; be assured
The people's love gives safety to Camillus.
Apuleus dare naught, but vent his spleen
In breath, noisy words, the pointless weapons
The envious use, that dare not strike a blow.
Thy father's corslet is a well spent life;
The traitor's dagger cannot pierce it, sweet!
His country's gratitude presents a shield,
Which guards him 'gainst the shafts of calumny.
Fear not, I soon shall bring him to his home;
Thy love will make him then, invulnerable. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Senate Chamber.* SERVUS Sulpitius
and other SENATORS.

CAMILLUS and others discovered.

Ser. Camillus, the Senate confirm the league
Which you have made with the Faliscii.
The fathers, from your lips, through me, request
Narration of this bloodless victory.

Camillus. I gladly yield compliance, though unus'd
To play the braggart, or be historian
Of my own adventures. The tale is this—
The city schoolmaster, a paltry knave,
False to his country and his sacred trust,
Conducted artfully unto the gates,
The children of the noblest citizens
Faleria could boast; and braver boys
Never gave gladness to fond parents' hearts.
The slave would have me hold them prisoners;
And crav'd that when the fathers claimed their sons,
I should demand the city as their ransom.

I could not wrong the country of my birth,
 To cherish for an instant the base thought,
 That she could prize a conquest bought with treason;
 So spurned the traitor, and bade the lictors
 Strip the caitiff's back; and when obey'd,
 Plac'd in the hand of every boy a rod,
 And saw him lash'd, e'en through the very streets
 Of the fair city he would so betray.
 Then came the wond'ring Falerians forth,
 And when they learn'd why I chastis'd him thus,
 They own'd that Justice, not the sword, subdu'd them.
 Thus, fathers, was Faleria obtain'd.

Ser. A conquest brighter than the sword could win.

Enter PONTUS COMINIUS, *who whispers* CAMILLUS.

Camillus. She sent thee to haste my coming, say you?
 The fond one! we will delay no longer.
 Fathers, I crave permission to depart,
 Unless state business my presence claims.

Ser. We have already wrong'd thy daughter's love,
 In having thus detain'd thee. Fare ye well!

[CAMILLUS *is about leaving*, when LUCIUS APULEUS
 and LICINIUS STOLO *enter*.

Luc. Back, we demand thy presence!

Camillus. You demand!

Fathers, your pardon if I now remain,
 In opposition to the leave just granted,
 And learn why these *good* men demand my stay.

Ser. We are amazed that you, Apuleus,
 And Licinius Stolo, men of years,
 Should so rudely come into this presence.
 Your object, masters?

Licin. To serve our country!

To strip yon traitor of the gaudy plumes,
 In which his foul ambition hath array'd him.

Camillus. Eternal Jove, hear this! that *he* should
 This calumny 'gainst me. Camillus traitor! [breathe

Inc. Will not the Senate hear the accusation?

Camillus. Hear it, fathers! I do entreat ye, hear it!
 I will be silent until all is told.

Ser. This is sudden, yet we perforce must hear it.
 Proceed, Apuleus—let no private wrath

Poison the accusation that you make—
Proceed with calmness, 'tis befitting truth.

Luc. Believe me, fathers, 'tis the public good,
Which I am ever anxious to promote,
Prompts me to make this open accusation.

Camillus. The public good ! I cry your mercy, sir ;
'Twas inadvertence ; proceed, I pray you.
Oh ! I will be silent, mute as marble !

Ser. The charge, Apuleus ; what is it, speak ?

Luc. Still grosser frauds, relating to the spoil
Ta'en in the Tuscan wars. And this, not all ;
I do proclaim that for his private gain,
Camillus, felon like, conveyed from Veii
The city's brazen gates. This the plain charge,
Which to sustain there's proof to be adduc'd,
Which must condemn him in the people's eyes.

Ser. Speak, Camillus, will you reply to this ?
Oppose denial to so foul a charge.

Camillus. Need I reply ? I promised to be silent,
I will remain so, will be silent still.

Luc. Mark, fathers ! mark ye the convicted one !
He dare not oppose a bold denial ;
But, coward like, shrinks from investigation.
This is the man who so adores his country !
He loves her very truly, does he not ?

Camillus. Oh ! all ye gods ! this forces me to speak !
Do I not love my country as my life ?
You can tell, old Manius, how I lov'd
When with the pith of fifteen years of life,
I engag'd the Equii, and the Volscii ;
When in that battle, wounded as I was,
I plucked the javelin from my bleeding thigh,
And still fought on, and put the foe to flight.

Luc. I crave the Senate to restrain his speech.

Camillus. They dare not, slave ! it is my privilege,
A freeman's right, that shall not be restrain'd.
Not love my country ? Gods ! is my nature chang'd ?
Have I become the senseless, heartless thing,
He would describe me to my fellow men ?
Did I not love my country, when I strove
With anxious zeal to dry the orphan's tears,
And soothe the widow's sorrows ? I could speak,

Could make yon serpent writhe, and vainly strive
To shun the gaze of man ; but 'tis a theme
Uninteresting to the public ear,
A private wrong, for private punishment.

Luc. I do entreat the judgment of the Senate.

Camillus. And so do I ! What is the Senate's judgment ?
I do beseech ye, fathers, call for proofs,
Weigh cautiously this mighty accusation,
Proceeding from a source so very pure,
That all defence weighs naught against the charge.

Ser. We'll meet again and listen to the proofs :
Apuleus, doubtless, would not make a charge
'Gainst one so high in favour with the people,
Without strong evidence in its support.
You will attend, Camillus ?

Camillus. Why should I ?
To listen to yon venom'd slanderer !
Again to be betray'd into the shame
Of being mov'd by aught that he could say.
If I am needed, ye can send for me,
I will obey your summons, be assur'd.

Ser. Be it so then, the senate is adjourn'd.

[*Exeunt all but CAMILLUS and COMINIUS.*]

Camillus. Cominius, summon my friends quickly.
And bid them meet me at the city gates ;
Excuse me to Camilla—dost thou hear ?

Pon. Excuse you to Camilla ? Your meaning ?
She waits your coming, with an anxious heart.
Return, I pray you.

Camillus. Why should I return ?
To fill her heart with keener pangs ;
At once to meet and part from her again ?
I tell you, my Cominius, I must live
Where the air I breathe is pure and wholesome.
The atmosphere of Rome is poisonous ;
Ingratitude, makes it unhealthy, sir.

Pon. Will you not wait the issue of this charge ?

Camillus. The issue ? I know it, Cominius,
Know it as well as though it were pronounced.
I read it in cold looks ; the ready pens
Of those who listen'd to th' accusation ;
Recorded it, ere scarce the charge was made.

By all the gods! I am prejudg'd, condemn'd,
And will not wrong myself to make defence.
I am resolv'd, and will abandon Rome.
Nay, urge me not: hadst thou the power
To drive old Neptune from his monarchy,
Or stop the glorious sun in his career,
Then would my purpose change. But, my daughter!
My ever gentle and confiding child!
No matter—thou wilt protect her kindly—
I know thou wilt. Go to her speedily;
Invent—no, do not; tell the honest truth,
Lest rumour, which augments all evil,
Should bear the tale too rudely to her ears.
Once more, farewell! I'll to the city gates;
Send my friends thither, and in an hour hence,
I shall expect you, for a last adieu. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The City Gates, and environs of Rome.*

Enter CAMILLUS.

Camillus. It has come to this! had a seer foretold
That I, Camillus, would abandon Rome,
I should have call'd the graybeard liar!
And yet to this, has envy driven him.
Eternal city of the seven hills!
I gaze my last upon thee, while the sun,
Sheds on thy temples his departing beams.
Not love thee! answer, ye gilded heavens!
Did'st e'er behold Camillus weep 'till now?
He has seen sorrow, and these founts were dry;
But now they open and pour forth their streams,
To dew the soil, which ne'er again perchance
Footstep of his shall press.

Beautiful home!

Soil where my fathers sleep in blessed rest,
A long farewell! Oh! catch the word, ye winds,
And bear it with my blessings o'er the land.—
Who comes? the friends I summoned? no, 'tis he—
He who hath driven me to this extreme—
He who has sought to stain my rising fame—

He whom I hate, and thus will trample on.

[*Rushing on LUCIUS APULEUS as he enters, then throwing him from him.*

No, no, poor reptile! take thy worthless life!
Death at *my* hands would bless, not punish thee.
I would have thee live to curse existence—
Live to become degraded and despis'd—
Live to be scorn'd by every honest man;
Thou and thy base coadjutors, that dar'd,
With falsehood to assail the fame ye envied.

Luc. Hear, Camillus!

Camillus. Silence! I'll hear you not.

You must *hear* Camillus; hear, and obey!
"I will gladden you to learn that I leave Rome—
Mark what I enjoin on you at parting.
I have a daughter, fair as the first rose
The balmy breath of summer warms to life;
As pure and spotless, even in her thoughts,
As angels are that guard the throne on high.
You have dared to look on that chaste being,
With thoughts that only dwell in minds like thine:
Nay, you have dar'd assail her with rude speech.
I leave her betrothed unto Cominius.
Approach her not, her father, tho' away,
Leaves one to guard his treasure and defend it.
Hence! you have heard me; honest men approach,
And 'twill degrade me in their sight, if found
In parlance with the vilest slave in Rome.
Hence! [*Exit APULEUS. CAMILLUS looking after him.*

How he casts his eyes upon the earth,
Afraid to gaze upon the broad-fac'd sky.
He mends his pace. Already lost to sight!
'Tis well—I'm glad they have not seen him here.

Enter FLAVIUS, COMINIUS, MARCUS CEDITUS, and other
CITIZENS.

Welcome, welcome, to bid farewell, a word
Which tells at once, that we have met to part.

Mar. Nay, we entreat you to forego your purpose,
Nor rashly quit the country of your birth.
Whatever fine the Senate may decree
That you shall pay, we freely will discharge.

Camillus. It may not be—I'll hear no more of this.
The gods attest that I am driven hence
By envy and malignant hate, not crime;
Ye all bear witness to it. Now, farewell.
Cominius, your hand, my son. Hear, friends;
I call him son, my fair daughters' husband,
If he will deign accept an exile's child,
A voluntary exile, if you will,
Yet still a banish'd man.

Pon. Nay, mock me not;
Wrong not my nature by such words, I pray.

Camillus. Cominius, she is thine—my daughter!
To bless thee with her love, while thou art kind;
To curse thee with it, when thou art cruel.
The purest blessing will become a curse,
When once man feels that he deserves it not.
But such can never be thy case, my son;
Thou wilt protect and prize thy peerless bride.

Pon. Give me your hand, Camillus; feel my heart;
Let each pulsation be a holy vow,
Which binds me to protect the sacred gift—
To guard her with an ever watchful eye,
And cherish her until each pulse is still.

Camillus. Enough, I know you will, Cominius.
Friends, to all I leave a Roman's blessing,
And to my foes bequeath a Roman's scorn!
(*At the Gates.*) City of my proud ancestors, farewell!
Oh! may you learn how much Camillus lov'd you,
And curse the faction which compelled his flight.
If you should need him, his ears will hear your cry,
His arms be ready to defend you still.

[*As CAMILLUS enters the Gates.*]

Camilla. (*without.*) My father!

[*CAMILLUS stops, she rushes in, and falls in his arms.*]

Camillus. My Camilla! my heart's pride!
How very pale she is, Cominius.
I'll close my eyes, while I imprint one kiss
Upon that marble brow.

[*Kissing her, and placing her in the arms of COMINIUS.*
Now take her quickly,

If I gaze longer I shall be unmann'd. [well!
Now, Rome—now, friends—now, daughter—fare ye
[*Rushes through the Gates, the CITIZENS with
outstretched arms gazing after him.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Mansion of CAMILLUS.*

Enter PONTUS COMINIUS and CAMILLA.

Pon. 'Thou say'st thou hast a little suit to press;
I half suspect its nature, gentle one,
And therefore cannot say 'tis granted, love,
Ere it be nam'd.

Camilla. Yet I will urge my suit,
And press it with the energy of love.
Cominius, take me to Ardea,
To my self-exiled father—wilt thou not?
My presence, dear Cominius, will prove
A solace to his grief, and heal the wound
His country's base ingratitude has made.

Pon. It was thy father's wish, his mandate, sweet,
That you should stay in Rome.

Camilla. And without him?
Remain in Rome, and *be* an exile from her?
Impossible! you know, Cominius,
How when a very child, with careless heart,
I listened for his step, and with the shout
Of joyous infancy, ran forth to meet him.
With what delight I look'd up in his face,
And read in his bright smile and tear-fill'd eyes,
How much he loved his own Camilla.
That smile has ever beamed on me through life.
Without my father I'm alone in Rome.

Pon. Alone, Camilla? did'st thou say alone.
And Cominius, thy husband, here?

Camilla. Yes, my Cominius, I said alone;
The gods bear witness how I prize *thy* love;
But my first love is he who gave me life.
A husband's love is as of yesterday—
That of a parent lives ere we exist,
And even after we have ceased to be.
Wilt thou not take me then to Ardea?
Do, dear Cominius; the fearful dream
Of which I told thee, hangs with heavy weight
Upon my memory, and fills my heart
With dread forebodings of approaching wo.

Pon. Forget it, dear one, it was *but* a dream,
A shadow of the imagination,
Which never slumbers, though our eyes are clos'd
Its wild creations should disperse with sleep,
And leave no trace of terror on the mind.

Enter PALO, hastily.

Well, Pale, you are pale—I can read much,
Yet naught distinctly, in your anxious look.
What are your tidings? speak at once, old man.

Palo. Quintus Ambustus has sustained defeat—
The Gauls, with triumph flush'd, march against Rome,
And even now are at the Colline gate.

Pon. Then have they enter'd Rome! where are the
That all is quiet at a time like this? [people,
Where's Flavius and Marcus Ceditus?

Palo. 'Tis said they have assembled in the forum.

Pon. Camilla, I will leave you for a time;
There is no danger, love, can reach you here.
I will but see if aught can now be done,
That may avert the threat'ning ruin.

Camilla. Go, Cominius, go to the people,
And tell them, when their dark ingratitude
Drove Camillus hence, Rome was abandon'd
To the just indignation of the gods,
And now their doom awaits them.

If not too late, they may repair the wrong;
They yet may call Camillus to their aid,
Preserve their country, and appease the gods.

Pon. Thus inspired, I leave thee, my Camilla.
If danger threatens, I will soon return,

To guard you as my life from its approach—
And now, farewell.

Camilla. Farewell, Cominius;
Go, for the good of Rome—husband, farewell.

[*Exit COMINIUS.*]

How my heart sunk when I pronounced the word!

What terror strikes me to the very soul!

Alas! I fear 'tis the dread certainty

Of coming evil; it steals upon me

Like the silent and cold approach of death.

I am very faint—thy arm, good Palo—

Lead me to the garden, where the pure air

Will cool the burning fever of my brain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARCUS CEDITUS, and CITIZENS.

Citizens. Camillus! we will send for Camillus!

Flav. What! call ye now upon Camillus?

Now that the Gauls already are in Rome,

Ye learn to prize the hero ye have lost.

You, who joined the cry Apuleus rais'd

Against the purest of Rome's citizens,

Now change your voices, and cry, "Camillus!"

Go to Apuleus and Licinius Stolo,

They are your leaders, masters—go to them,

Solicit them to drive the Gauls from Rome.

Citizens. Down with Apuleus! down with Stolo!

Flav. Peace! peace! this is no time for idle brawls;

We have wives, and children, and aged men,

To place in safety—we must look to them.

See where Cominius comes in breathless haste.

Enter PONTUS COMINIUS.

Pon. Hence, for your lives! our streets are filled with
Who, savage like, spare neither age nor sex. [Gauls,

Hence to your homes, while yet your homes are left—

Hence, if ye would preserve your wives from shame,

Your daughters from the foe's licentiousness.

Flav. Our wives and children, where will they be safe?

Pon. In the capitol, guarded by Manlius,
And a band of husbands and of brothers.
Know ye old Manius Papirius?

Mar. We know him well; he must be protected.

Pon. He is beyond protection, Ceditus.
They have slain him, even in the forum,
Where he sat 'mong the fear-gather'd people,
The prototype of silver-bearded Time—
And others have been murdered in cold blood.

Mar. Unhappy Rome! where now is thy Camillus?

Pon. Where yet her voice may reach him, Ceditus.
The Senate have assembled in the capitol.
There conduct the people, and in their name,
Demand at once that a decree be passed,
To call Camillus from his banishment,
Invested with the office of Dictator.

Mar. Rome is surrounded by her enemies;
How can a messenger, with such decree,
Escape their vigilance?

Pon. Gain the decree,
And I will bear it through a host of foes,
In safety to the self-exiled hero.
What say you, Citizens?

Citizens. To the capitol!
It shall be so decreed—Ceditus, lead on!

Pon. Then speed at once, ye have no time to lose;
I'll meet ye at the capitol—farewell!

[*Exeunt all but PONTUS and FLAVIUS.*

I have promised, and must leave Camilla;
Leave my fair bride, e'en at a time like this,
When most she needs protection. Be it so;
She will approve it for her country's sake;
And with her prayers prosper my mission.
I will not trust myself to bid farewell,
But write it, with the cause of my departure.

[*Takes out tablets, and writes.*

Flavius, bear this to my Camilla;
Tell her to be of light and fearless heart;
All will be well—our barque will safely ride
Over the troubled ocean of existence,
And reach at last a haven of security.
Use despatch, good Flavius; meet me soon,
And bear her answer to me—fare you well!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Gardens attached to the Mansion of*
CAMILLUS.

Enter CAMILLA and RHEA.

Camilla. He comes not—ah! whither does he tarry?
Danger frowns, and all I love are absent;
I am alone, defenceless, hapless, hopeless!

Rhea. Not hopeless, gentle mistress.

Camilla. Yes, hopeless;

Suspense has made me so: anxiety,
Which naught relieves, blights the fair flow'rs of hope—
I hear a footstep—look out, good Rhea.
Is it my husband—my Cominius?

Rhea. No, lady, 'tis our neighbour, Flavius—
He is here.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Camilla. Welcome, my good Flavius;
Thrice welcome, if you come to soothe my heart,
With tidings of its lord, Cominius.
Speak, your errand?

Flav. (presenting the tablets.) These tablets speak for
They are from Cominius, fair lady. [me;

Camilla, (having read them.) Gone to Ardea, for my
dear father!

His country calls him to her arms once more.
Rome will be saved! Camillus will return!
My blessings go with thee, Cominius!
And yet he should have come to bid farewell,
Perhaps a last farewell, to his Camilla.
A last? why is it that a cloud so dark,
Dims the bright picture, fancy fain would draw?
Why is it that the whisperings of hope
Fall coldly on my heart, and my sad mind
Is filled with gloomy images of death?

Flav. Gentle lady, Cominius bade me say,
That he would have you bear a careless heart;
Dispel the shadows of sickly fancy,
And cherish hope, that all may yet be well.

Camilla. If again you should meet Cominius,
Bear my farewell and blessing to him.

Tell him, how weary ev'ry hour will pass,
Until his safe return shall gladden me.
Say I am well, quite well, good Flavius.
I will strive indeed to wear a cloudless brow,
And banish from imagination's eye
The fearful phantoms that appal my soul.

Flav. Farewell then, lovely lady—peace to Rome,
Safety to thy lord, and happiness to thee! [*Exit.*

Camilla. Happiness to me! it sounds like mockery!
Once did I dream that I was very happy.
Life is a constant dream; day after day,
Visions of earthly joy before us rise,
And when within our reach we fancy them,
In all their loveliness they pass away,
Like frost-form'd landscapes melt beneath the sun.

Rhea. Sweet lady, you encourage melancholy.
Let me conduct you to your couch within;
Sleep has become a stranger to your pillow—
Strive, I pray, once more to court the rover.

Camilla. Sleep! 'tis for the happy and light hearted.
The mind that's tortured with suspense and dread,
Knows no repose—'tis true, the eyes may close,
But who can call it sleep, when waking fears
Pursue us in our dreams, and rob sweet sleep
Of all its pure and balmy influence?

Rhea. Still let me urge it, for the late alarms
Have stolen all the colour from thy cheeks,
And dimm'd the lustre of thy gentle eyes.
Camillus will not know his rosy child,
In the pale bride of young Cominius.
Now lean on me.

Camilla. My faithful, kind old nurse!
I will, if it were only to repay
Thy kindness, with obedience to thy wish.
My tender Rhea! thou hast watch'd my growth
From infancy to womanhood, with the pride
The gardener views a fav'rite flower
Bud and ripen into bloom and brilliancy;
And when the gale that sears it shall arrive,
Thy tears will fall to dew its lifeless form,
But give no freshness to the blighted plant.
Come, my good Rhea, my cares have made me

Prematurely old; and thou art youthful,
When compared with one, who needs thy arm
To lean upon—think me an infant yet. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A view near Ardea.*

Enter CAMILLUS and LUCRETIVS.

Lucre. Listen, Camillus! 'tis the voice of Rome,
Who, in distress, now calls you to her aid.

Camillus. It may not be—I am a banished man.
What! would you take an exile for your leader?
Go back to Rome—where are your patriots?
Your Apuleus, Stolo, and Ambustus?
They will prepare ye to resist the Gauls.
Why have ye fled from Rome? back and defend her!

Lucre. Led by you, we gladly will, Camillus.
If not, we will remain in Ardea,
And bid farewell to Rome, for ever!

Camillus. Look ye, Lucretius, Rome still exists,
And, exile as I am, I'm still a Roman!
I would resign the last red drop of life
To serve my country, give up all I prize,
Save that which all her kindness could not give,
Which all her *cruelty* shall not destroy—
Pure honour, a spotless reputation,
Evergreens that bloom when all the laurels
Won in the battle field have wither'd.
There is a Senate still in Rome; I say,
I will not stoop to them that injur'd me,
And proffer aid: they shall solicit it.

Lucre. The people's voice calls loudly to Camillus.

Camillus. I'll hear it through the proper organ, then,
The Senate, sir.

Lucre. Think of your ancestors!

Camillus. I do; can you not read my thoughts of them
In the determination of my speech?

Lucre. Think of your daughter? she is still in
Rome.

Camillus. My Camilla! she has a brave husband;
The shield of wedded love protects my child!

Lucre. But at a time like this, when Rome's in danger,

Think you Cominius will abandon *her*,
And for a wife, desert his country's cause?

Camillus. I would curse him if he did, *Lucretius*.
He will consign her to the care of heaven!

No more of this; I hope to die for Rome,

But then my honour must outlive my life.

Tell me of my child—forget the soldier,

Think only of the father—is she well?

I left her half dead, in the arms of Pontus—

She recover'd, did she not? Answer me.

Lucre. When I left Rome, *Camilla* was in health.

Camillus. And happy, was she not?

Lucre. As happy as one that loves a father
As she does, *can* be in his absence.

Camillus. I know she loves me, very, very fondly,
And was never happy in my absence.

Well, it may be that I may yet behold her;

Again be welcom'd with her gentle smile;

And, perchance, her filial hand may close

My eyes in the last hour of existence.

Lucre. You will return, then?

Camillus. When I am summon'd:

You cannot move a rock, which the loud sea

Has lash'd, yet left imbedded in its place

As firmly as though storms had ne'er assail'd it.

No more—follow me; I am not houseless,

And you will not despise the exile's cheer. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Street bearing the appearance of invasion. CITIZENS flying, pursued by GAULS.*

Enter MARCUS CEDITUS, followed by LUCIUS APULEUS.

Luc. Give me one moment's converse, *Ceditus*.

Mar. Detain me not, I will not idle stand
While I have strength to strike a blow for Rome.
Each moment is a life—let me pass on!

Luc. For what? resistance now is unavailing.

Mar. You who have brought this ruin on fair Rome,
With calmness may behold her temples blaze,
Her fathers' tombs destroyed, her daughters sham'd;
I will defend them while a hope remains,

A hope that brave Camillus may return.
 Ha! lo, that rascal Gaul, who rudely drags
 Yon shrieking maiden through the blood-stain'd streets!
 It is a Roman's daughter, so disgrac'd!
 I wear a sword that shall defend th' innocent.

[*Rushes out.*]

Luc. He strikes him to the earth—the girl is in his arms,
 Safe from her ravisher.

[*CITIZENS cross the stage—APULEUS stops one.*]

What new alarm?

Cit. Do not impede our flight; we are pursued
 By the barbarians thirsting for our blood;
 Our dwellings are in flames—away, away.

[*Exeunt CITIZENS.*]

A glare of light illuminates the scene.

Luc. Ha! it is so; the raging element
 Spreads destruction wildly. By all the gods!
 The dwelling of Camillus is in flames!
 Camilla is alone, defenceless there,
 Her husband and her father both away;
 I may save her, and thus obtain the prize
 So long desir'd.

PALO crosses.

Luc.

Palo.

Palo. Fly, for the love of heaven, to her aid.
 I am old and feeble, or would not crave
 Assistance for my mistress, at your hands.
 The slaves have fled in terror from the flames.
 Away, to the rescue of Camilla,
 While I speed in search of further succour. [*Exit.*
Camilla, (without.) Unhand me, villain! help, in mer-
 cy help!

Luc. Her voice! a ruffian Gaul has seiz'd her,
 And like a slave drags her along the causeway.
 There is but *one*—come forth, my trusty sword,
 Aid me to snatch the treasure from his grasp.

[*Rushes out. Tumult increases. CITIZENS fly,*
APULEUS crosses, with CAMILLA in his arms.]

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Retirement of CAMILLUS near Ardea, with a distant view of the Ardean Camp.*

CAMILLUS discovered.

Camillus. The foe in Rome ! a fierce and savage foe,
Razing the temples of the gods to earth,
Staining their altars with her noblest blood ;
And I not there to strike a single blow
In her defence ; an exile from her soil.
No, not an exile—he is an exile
Who with him bears his heart in banishment ;
But mine I left in Rome, as full of love
As when it beat within this scarred breast,
To nerve my arm against her enemies.
I am no exile then—my child is there !
My own Camilla ! may I say she's there ?
When I have heard, that through the streets of Rome,
Slaughter with bare and bloody arm hath stalked,
Unsparring and unmerciful—my soul
Grows sick and weary of its own alarms.

Pon. (without.) Where is the Roman General, Camil-

Camillus. Here is Camillus, the Ardean leader, [lus ?
Near the Ardean camp. Who calls upon him ?

Enter PONTUS COMINIUS, disguised.

Pon. A Roman and a friend. You know me not ;
And yet our hands have oft been knit together,
Our hearts throbb'd with love for the same object,
And our swords been in the same cause unsheathed.
Do you not know me *now*, Camillus ?

Camillus.

Yes,

Pontus Cominius, my daughter's husband ;
And he from Rome, when Rome is in distress.
Thou hast no ties to bind thee to her now ;
And I am childless, else why art thou here ?

Pon. I come with other tidings—Heaven grant,
That my fair bride may still exist in health,
As when with her approval I left Rome.

Camillus. Why art thou here? why hast thou left her then?

Pon. Because Rome needs her gallant General!
Behold, Camillus, here's the just decree,
By which the Senate, with the people's voice,
Name you Dictator, and implore your aid.

[*CAMILLUS takes the paper, glances over it, and, falling on his knees—*

Camillus. I thank the gods! I yet may die in Rome!
Die and bequeath my honour to my child,
Uncompromitted and unsullied still. [Rises,

Welcome, most welcome, my Cominius!
Now tell me all—who of my friends are slain?
Where did the slaughter first commence, and how?

Pon. In the forum, where, in fear and silence,
The people had assembled—the first that fell
Was the old man, Manius Papirius.

Camillus. Did they slay him? that harmless, weak old
Why every furrow in his cheek could tell [man!
The story of a year, and every lock,
Which Time's cold hand had bleach'd, confirm the tale.
Why I have sat upon that old man's knee,
And listened with the glee of infancy
To his recital of some gallant fight;
How such and such a wound, which he would show
With proud delight, was gained—and he is dead.
Well, he shall be revenged. Proceed, Cominius.

Pon. 'Tis a sad catalogue—let us haste to Rome;
Her desolation will tell all at once.

Camillus. True, we will use despatch. First to the
I must inform the Ardeans, my friends, [camp;
That Rome once more has call'd me to her arms.
Behold, it is in sight. Some gallant hearts are there,
Enlisted in the cause of Rome, but waiting
For the signal, to hasten with Camillus
To her rescue.

Pon. Then give new wings to time,
For ev'ry minute is an age to Rome,
Until the welcome news of your return
Inspires her with hope, her foes with terror.

Camillus. On then, on, to the deliverance of Rome!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Mansion of APULEUS.*
CAMILLA discovered on a couch, sleeping—LUCIUS APULEUS watching her.

Luc. She sleeps! how very beautiful she is!
Though sorrow and alarm, with wintry touch,
Have blanched her cheek, blighting the healthful rose.
She sleeps beneath *my* roof, within my power,
Without a friend to call upon for aid;
Yet when I gaze upon that pallid face,
So lovely in its pale, chaste purity;
Or meet her speaking eyes, and in them read
The fearlessness of virtue—I tremble.
Tremble to pluck the fruit so long desired,
Which fate or fortune placed within my reach,
As though to tempt, then laugh at me.

Camilla, (in her sleep.) Cominius! father! help me,
or I die—

The serpent twines his hideous folds around me.

Wilt thou not kill him, father?

[*Waking.*

Where am I?

It was a fearful dream: Rhea! Palo!
Alas! I had forgotten—I am indeed
Too near a serpent now. Grief has a claim
To solitude—why is mine invaded?

Luc. Hear me, Camilla; 'tis not that fortune
Made me the happy saviour of your life,
That I claim privilege to watch your slumbers,
And tell you how I love.

Camilla. Talk of love—of life,
When all I love in life, to me are lost.
It was no generous spirit nerved the arm,
Which from the Gaul's rude grasp delivered me;
Else hadst thou ta'en me to the capitol,
Where all the matrons of invaded Rome
Have found a sanctuary—hadst thou done so,
Then would my heart have prized the gift of life
With gratitude. It is not yet too late;
Conduct me thither.

Luc. I cannot part with thee—
Thou art as safe beneath my roof, Camilla.

Camilla. Safe! yes, as the lamb that seeks a refuge
In the gaunt wolf's den. And yet I fear not;
Base as thou art, thou durst not do me wrong.
Although thou art surrounded by thy slaves,
And I a lone, defenceless, hapless woman,
I do defy thee in thy very halls;
Laugh at, and scorn thee, and despise the still.
There is a hand, that will ere long release me.

Luc. What hand, Camilla?

Camilla. The blighting hand of death,
Which breaks the fetters of the hapless slave,
And gives an eternal manumission!
Already do I feel it on my heart,
Where all is cold as ice.

Luc. And still you smile—
Smile while you speak of the approach of death!

Camilla. Do we not smile on one we gladly welcome?
When on thy heart the dread conviction falls,
That the grim monarch of the grave is nigh,
Thou wilt not smile—how thou wilt tremble then!
Tremble like a terror stricken infant.

So do the guilty shrink from his approach,
While the pure consciousness of well spent life
Supports the good, robs death of all his terrors.

Luc. Camilla, banish these gloomy images;
There's lustre in thine eyes, and on thy cheek
Returning bloom speaks health.

Camilla. Mistake it not—
It is the fever that consumes my brain,
Kindling my eye, flushing my pallid cheek.
Hear me—I would not die beneath thy roof;
Take me to the capitol; there would I yield
My soul to the possession of the gods.

Luc. Talk not thus, Camilla.

Camilla. Ha! thou wilt not?
Then will I go alone. Detain me not;
I have grown strong—thy power is nought to mine;
Pursue me not—I will outstrip the wind,
While fear and guilt shall hold thee prisoner.

Luc. Think of the peril—no, you shall not go!

Camilla. Shall not? there is more peril 'neath thy
roof,

Than in the foe-beleaguer'd streets of Rome.

Unhand me instantly, Apuleus! [Struggling.]

Luc. I will not part with thee, Camilla;
Now thou art here, think'st thou I will resign
My cherish'd hopes? when once the miser
Grasps a long-sought treasure, he holds it firm;
No power can wrest it from him—still I say,
Thou shalt not go!

Camilla, (breaking from him.) Poor idiot!
Why, what an infant guilt has made of thee;
Did I not say thy strength was nought to mine?
Approach me not—dare not impede my flight.
A virtuous death amid my country's ruins,
Will be more welcome than a life dishonoured,
E'en in the splendid mansion of Apuleus. [Exit.]

Luc. Ho! bar the gates! permit her not to pass!
She is demented, craz'd!—Now, by the gods!
The slaves obey me not—she passes them,
Without impediment, like a frightened deer,
So swift her speed. She must not thus be lost;
And yet I stand, as though some magic spell
Had chained me to this spot. I will follow,
Though at the peril of my existence.
What ho! without there! follow in pursuit!
[Going, is met by LICINIUS STOLO.]

Licin. Where in such haste, worthy Apuleus?

Luc. I can hold no parlance now, Licinius—
Camilla—

Licin. I know the pretty story.
The dove has 'scaped the talons of the kite—
Well, let her fly—methinks that times like these
Are ill adapted for an am'rous war.
It is reported that Camillus comes.

Luc. Her father? then she will find a refuge
In his arms, ere I could overtake her.
'Tis better so, than he should find her here.
Let him come.

Licin. We cannot help it, Lucius.
And when he comes 'tis Rome's deliverance;
The tide of public love again will set
In favour of the hero; we must strive
Still to divert its current, and make it turn

Towards young Marcus Manlius, the youth
Who saved the capitol, and by that exploit,
Gain'd the people's love—shall we so, my friend?

Luc. The means, Licinius?

Licin. Time will provide them.

All now is calm—the Senate is about
To listen to the terms proposed by Brennus,
To which if we accede, the Gauls at once
Will leave the city, ere Camillus comes,
To force them to abandon it.

Luc. Where do they meet?

Licin. At the foot of the Capitoline hill.
Shall we go thither? we may do so now
Unquestioned—we there can also feel
The pulse of the people.

Luc. I attend you.

But I know the people. When Camillus comes,
If perchance he comes ere all be settled,
They will again extol him like a god.
There's Flavius and Marcus Ceditus,
Who have not lost a jot of love for him.
Flavius will say, (I know his humour,)
It was the *geese* that saved the capitol,
Not Marcus Manlius; and the wise people
Will cry out, "so it was!" and there 'twill end.

Licin. Still let us make the effort. We will not lose
A probable advantage, from the fear,
That though we seek it, it may not be gained.
It is idle to quit an enterprise,
Because, forsooth, the timid conjure up
A thousand obstacles, which ne'er exist,
Save in imagination—airy nothings.
Come, then; on what now art thou brooding?

Luc. I may meet Camilla.

Licin. Well, and thou dost?

She will not strike thee dead—where is thy soul
For enterprise? Shake off this lethargy—
Be once more a man, once more Apuleus.
Why, boys, to see you thus, would laugh at you.
Come among men again; you have too long
Remain'd at home inactive—follow me.

Luc. I will go with thee where'er thou shalt direct;

I will recall my truant spirit home,
And once more grasp thy hand in fellowship.

Licin. Why this is well ; I know you now again.
Follow at once ; if we would reach the hill
Before the sun has taken leave of it,
We must use speed.

Luc. Lead on, Licinius,
Whatever be thy course, I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Capitoline Hill.* SERVUS SULPITIUS,
FLAVIUS, LUCINIUS STOLO, LUCIUS APULEUS, and other
CITIZENS, BRENNUS, GALLIC OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS,
assembled.

Ser. Name the conditions now ; propose the terms
On which you will withdraw your troops from Rome ;
We are prepar'd to do whate'er is just.

Bren. Heap gold into these scales, until its weight
Shall be a thousand pounds ; when that is done
I will withdraw my forces from the city.

Ser. What say ye, citizens ? ye have heard the terms—
Shall we thus purchase Rome's deliverance ?

Licin. Their silence answers, and we must accede ;
We have too long endur'd the pains of war,
And sigh for bright and snowy-pinion'd peace.

Ser. Bring forth the gold, then. Gauls ! prepare the
scales.

[*The scales and gold are brought. GAULS bear
down their side of the scales.*]

Flav. Shame ! shame ! mark, citizens, the faithless foe
Have brought false weights—will ye submit to this ?

[*BRENNUS, throwing his sword, scabbard, and belt
in the scales.*]

Bren. Ay, and to this ! we force submission, sir !

Ser. Hold, sir ; what means all this ?

Bren. What should it mean,
But to the conquer'd, wo !

1st Cit. Throw down the scales !

We are not slaves, to be insulted thus. [*Shouts without.*]

Luc. Hear ye those shouts !

Flav. They are Roman voices !

'Tis a joyous shout. Suspend a while the treaty.

Bren. Suspend it? ye have acceded to the terms—
It is concluded.

[CAMILLUS, *rushing in, and striking down the scales with his sword.*

Camillus. 'Tis not concluded, slave!

We will deliver Rome with *steel*, not *gold*!

Citizens. Camillus! hail, brave Camillus, hurrah!

Bren. What means all this?

[CAMILLUS, *pointing to COMINIUS and SOLDIERS, who enter.*

Camillus.

They answer you.

Learn, sir, I am first magistrate of Rome.

No treaty is complete without my sanction,

Which, to a league like this, shall ne'er be given.

Go with your gold into the capitol;

And Gauls, take ye away your ready scales.

Bren. Against all right have you infringed this treaty.

Camillus. Against all right was such a treaty made.

No more of this; I'll listen to new terms,

Or force ye from this soil, whiche'er ye choose.

Ser. Let us have peace; sanction the treaty made,

And we will leave the ruins of our homes,

And go to Veii.

Camillus.

Is such the general voice?

Luc. Such is the people's voice; they sigh for peace.

Camillus. Silence! I ask'd the *gen'ral* voice, not *thine*.
I marvel that you dare uplift it here.

Speak, one that I can trust; what say the people?

1st Citizen. Rome is in ashes; we have not the means
Wherewith to rebuild her walls again,
Nor hearts to do so; we will go to Veii.

Camillus. What! leave your country? sell the dearest
rights

That men can hold, and thus become as aliens

To the soil where first ye gaz'd upon the sun?

Oh! shame! shame! but look around ye, Romans.

Here are the tombs of all your ancestors,

Where sleep the relics of the mighty dead.

Here are your children, ever taught to love

The scenes of liberty, which once ye priz'd.

Where are your hearts? What! have the dogs of Gaul

So frighten'd you with barking, that ye can

Resign, at once, the holy land of birth,
The hallow'd home of your progenitors,
Where all ye love have liv'd, where all should die ?
I know ye not ; ye are not Romans,
That would abandon Rome, and go to Veii,
A place deserted both by gods and men,
Baffled, disgrac'd, and captur'd !

By great Jove !

Ye are not so debas'd ; be men again ;
Strike but one blow, and ye deliver Rome,
The home of freemen, and the seat of gods !

Citizens. We will remain in Rome ! Death to the
Gauls !

Camillus. I knew your hearts throbb'd as they should,
my friends.

Take my defiance, Gauls ! we still are free,
And will maintain our freedom with our lives.

Bren. Since battle is the cry, we are prepared ;
And the first blow we strike be to thy heart !

Camillus. Be it so, if so the gods ordain it !
All Rome to arms ! for Rome's deliverance ! [*Alarums.*
[CAMILLUS engages BRENNUS. *Skirmish.*

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Mansion of* LUCIUS
APULEUS. *Enter* LUCIUS APULEUS *and* LICINIUS STOLO.

Luc. Said I not truly, good Licinius,
That when Camillus should return from exile
The people would with open arms receive him,
And hail him the deliverer of Rome ?

Licin. Ay, truly ; and yet I tell thee, Lucius,

We still may rob the eagle of his plumes.
Camillus has oppos'd the general wish
To leave the smoking ruins of the city,
And emigrate to Veii; with faint hearts,
The citizens rebuild their fallen homes,
And murmur that perforce they must remain
Dwellers in poverty 'mid desolation.

Luc. What should we do?

Licin. Go forth among the people,
Sow wider still the seeds of discontent,
And give a motive why Camillus wished
That they should dwell in Rome, and not in Veii,

Luc. And what the motive you would so ascribe
Unto the course Camillus has pursued?

Licin. Could we not say, and plausibly declare,
That his ambition, not restrained by age,
And thirst of glory, no success can quench,
Craves still a higher title than Dictator?
In forcing them, weak, weary as they are,
Thus to rebuild a ruin, when he knows
That a fair city's ready to receive them,
He would invade the right of Romulus,
And be styled no longer General,
Or Dictator, but Founder of fair Rome.

Luc. Still I fear.

Licin. Fear? that is a maiden's word,
And comes with an ill grace from Apuleus.
Fear! why, I and all that know you, sir, have seen
Sparks of high spirit flash from you—fear, indeed!

Luc. So, when the flint is struck, you may behold
The fire it emits, that for an instant
Glows, and dies. If pride, revenge, or hope of gain,
Prompted me ever to o'erleap my nature,
To speak as though I car'd not for the world,
Or strike a blow perchance, the next moment
Saw the flame extinguish'd, and beheld
The timid creature nature made of me.

Licin. Pshaw! this is a schoolboy's prattle. Go to,
You wrong yourself; or else, like a vain girl,
That cunningly denies her charms, to court
A compliment, so you declare yourself
A very coward, to hear me praise you

For a gallant man. Come, we will abroad.

Luc. Not now; go you, I'll follow presently;
I have business to transact at home
That will awhile detain me.

Licin. Use despatch—
I shall expect you presently, so farewell. [Exit.]

Luc. I am a weary of these clamours now,
But I plung'd heedlessly into the current,
And still it bears me on, perchance to ruin.
Ha! what noise is that? I do not like that voice—
Without there! bar the entrance!

Camillus, (without.) Down, base slave!
I will not be denied—give way, I say,
Or, by the gods! I'll strike thee to the earth! [Rushes in.]

Ha! there he stands, the lord of this proud mansion!
Who would have barr'd his gates against Camillus.
Come, sir, where is she?

Luc. I know not what you mean.
Whom do you seek? why thus invade my dwelling?

Camillus. My daughter, sir; where is my Camilla?
Thou can'st not say, thou know'st not where she is;
For I have proof, sure proof, that she was here:
Old Palo told me thou hadst rescued her.
Go, bring her hither—quickly, quickly, sir—
'Tis very long since I have seen my child.
Why dost thou linger? Apuleus, mark:
My nature is not rough, but thou hadst better
Dally with a lion, than trifle with
The feelings of a father.

Luc. She is not here.

Camillus. Not here? where is she then conceal'd?
Thou liest, slave; she is beneath this roof,
And thou wouldst rob the father of his child,
The husband of his wife.

Luc. Hear me, Camillus:
True it is, that from a Gaul's ferocious grasp
I rescu'd fair Camilla, and for a time
She was indeed the inmate of my dwelling;
But at length, despising my protection,
She fled, and ——

Camillus. 'Tis a paltry subterfuge.

If it be true, beware, Apuleus ;
 For thou hast done her wrong, and she has fled
 In fear of thee. But it is false, I know.
 Thou wouldst deny her to me, ha ! thou shalt not ;
 Bring me to her at once—at once, I say.

Luc. I tell you truly that she is not here.

Camillus. Then shalt thou go with me in search of her ;
 And thou shalt find her, or beware my wrath.
 Come, follow—nay, do not pause. I have said—
 Didst thou not hear me ? said, that thou *shouldst* go.

Luc. It is in vain ; I know not where she is.

Camillus. Ha ! wouldst thou parley, or refuse me, sir ?
 Art thou a savage, that thou wouldst not aid
 An anxious father to regain his child ?
 I will compel thee then—come, sir, come.

[*Drags APULEUS off wildly.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street. Enter LUCIUS APULEUS,*
hastily.

Luc. I have escap'd him, and I thank the gods ;
 He comes not in pursuit. Ha ! here is one
 That I would fain avoid. It is too late ;
 I will venture, ne'ertheless, to pass him.

[*Attempts to pass as COMINIUS enters, who detains him.*]

Pon. Hold, sir, thou shalt not pass till I am satisfied.
 Where is Camilla ?

Luc. Prithee, Cominius,
 Detain me not ; I know not where she is ;
 'Neath thy protection she was left, not mine,
 And thou, her *husband*, left her, when the foe
 Invested Rome. Go to Camillus,
 Who, like a madman, roams through every street,
 Seeking the lost one ; answer *thou* to him,
 And do not question *me*—let me pass on.

Pon. Base hypocrite ! thou wouldst evade all question.

If thou conceal'st her from me, knowing well
 Where now she is, or if thou'st done her wrong,
 I'll strangle thee—by yon broad heav'n, I will !

Luc. Have I escap'd the fury of one madman,
 To perish by another ? By great Jove !

I know not whither she has fled.

Pon.

Ha! she *has* fled.

Then hast thou seen her—she was in thy charge.

Have a care, Apuleus—I doubt you much;

I do, indeed; a damning dark suspicion

Fills my mind, with thoughts I would not name.

Luc. Hold, Cominius, torture not thyself,

With wild suspicions that assail her honour.

Pon. Her honour! could breath of thine cloud heaven's glory?

And she's the type of all that's chaste in heaven.

No, 'tis thee I doubt, and not my gentle wife—

She fled from thee, and she is spotless still.

But *why* she fled? thou durst not tell me, sir.

I wrong my love in parleying with thee thus.

Hence! we shall meet again, and then—beware. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I could have tortured him, but that I feared

'Twould goad him, even unto madness.

I could have added fuel to suspicion,

And fed the greedy monster jealousy.

Now to Licinius—what! *more* alarms.

Enter FLAVIUS and others.

Speak, Citizens, why this terror? a new foe?

Flav. Ay, one nor force nor valour can repel.

Hence, for your life; the atmosphere is poisoned;

A fell distemper hath broke out in Rome,

And here the pestilence most fiercely rages.

Luc. Unhappy city!—hence! away, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Ruins of the Dwelling of CAMILLUS.*

CAMILLA discovered, seated on the fragment of a pillar.

Camilla. Why come they not? I long have tarried,

And still they are not here. 'Tis very cold,

And I'm so lone amid this dreariness,

It seems as if I were but one on earth.

My doves are dead! my pretty innocents,

That knew so well my voice and very step,

That on my shoulder flew so happily,

Or nestled in my bosom with delight.

All that I loved have gone: even the flowers

That adorned my garden, the evening gale
Has coldly breathed upon and blighted,
As sorrow blights the sunny hopes of life.

[Rises and comes forward.]

I cannot bear this loneliness—'tis madd'ning!
My brain is burning, yet I am so cold—
My heart is turned to ice—mine eyes are dim—
Strange sounds are in mine ears.—Ha! I am call'd—
Apuleus calls; I'll not obey his voice.
Where is my father? where Cominius?
Why is it they come not to save me from him?
Ha! he comes. He shall not find me—I will fly
More swiftly than the bird, which through the air
Some ravenous kite pursues—away, away.

[Disappears among the ruins.]

Enter CAMILLUS.

Camillus. This is my only hope; among the ruins
Of her early home, perchance I'll find my child.
What desolation's here! my noble mansion,
Wherein my father first drew life's warm breath,
Raz'd by barbarian hands, down to the earth!
But my daughter! answer, my gentle one!
It is thy father calls thee, Camilla!

*Enter CAMILLA, her hair dishevelled and wildly adorned
with flowers, a laurel wreath in her hand.*

'Tis she! Oh, all ye gods! how changed! Camilla!

Camilla. Hush! 'twas not Apuleus who then called.
Who was it! I should know that voice methinks.
Was't thou, old man? how should'st thou know my
Thou com'st not from Apuleus, dost thou? *[name?]*

Camillus. Camilla, dost thou not know thy father?

Camilla. My father? they said he was in Ardea—
That Cominius went to bring him hither,
To drive the Gauls from Rome. I wove this crown
From the old laurel tree that shades my garden,
To place upon the warrior exile's brow,
When he returns. Hast thou seen my father?
Why comes he not?

Camillus. Look on me, my daughter;
Look on this scarred brow, these toil-worn features;

Listen to the broken-hearted voice, that calls

Camilla! dost thou not know me, dearest?

[*CAMILLA, who has approached him, and laid her hand on his shoulder, looks up earnestly in his face, recognises him, and throws herself in his arms.*

Camilla. My father!

Camillus. She knows me—she calls me father;
I thank the gods! come to thy parent soil,
My flower of love, warm with affection;
'Twill revive thee, sweet.

Camilla. O, I could so laugh!
Thou shalt laugh with me at Apuleus.

He cannot tear me from thy arms, my father!

Camillus. No, my girl, no; he first shall tear my heart
Curse him, ye gods, that rule the universe! [out!
I call upon him thy eternal curse!

May it cling to him, while on earth he lives,
Degraded and despised by all mankind!

No joys to cheer existence! make his heart,
A blasted soil, to which no hope gives warmth!
Blight him to its core, as he has blighted
The flowers of reason here!

Camilla. My father!
Dost thou not hear him? hark! he calls me.
Where is Cominius? call him to thy aid,
Or they will force me from thy arms again.

Camillus. No, my child, they dare not; thou hast
nought to fear,
A legion could not tear thee from my arms.
Come, this is no place for thee.

Camilla. No, my garden—
Come, I will show it to you; the rank grass
Has grown among my pretty smiling flowers;
Yet there's one spot, where there is not a weed—
'Tis where my mother's buried.

Camillus, (greatly agitated.) My child!

Camilla. Yes, you must see it, father! the rose-tree
You gave me on my birth-day stands nigh it;
But it is dead, and not a rose is left;
Yet around it my violets are growing,
Though the dew upon them makes them appear

As though they had been weeping. There's one lily,
 One pure, white, modest lily, but 'tis drooping,
 And I fear, 'tis dying, like my roses.
 O, I so love that spot! if I knew the hour,
 When from this world 'twould please the gods to call
 Thither would I go, and lay me down and die. [me,

Camillus. Talk not thus, Camilla; come with me;
 Let thy old father lead thee from this place,
 Where desolation fills thy shattered mind
 With gloomy images of death—come, come.

Camilla. First to the garden—one last look, father!
 One long, last look, upon my mother's grave,
 And then I'll go with thee for ever. Come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PONTUS COMINIUS and LUCIUS APULEUS.

Pon. Thou shalt not 'scape me now; we'll roam to-
 gether

Through the deserted streets, and cry, "Camilla!"
 We'll shrink not from the pestilence, which drives
 Even the mother from her dying babe;
 But we will gaze on each unburied corse,
 And trace the livid lineaments of death,
 Until perchance among the tombless victims,
 The lifeless form of her I love I'll find.

Luc. Horror!

Pon. Where are we? I should know these ruins—
 Here once the mansion of Camillus stood;
 Perchance she's here—Camilla! love! my wife!
 We'll seek her in these desolated halls.
 Come, Apuleus—nay, struggle not, sir;
 Anxiety has made me almost wild;
 Thou shalt not leave me until she is found,
 Or I have had revenge.

Luc. Ha! dost thou threaten?

Pon. Nay, not thy life, Apuleus, not thy life.
 Aid me to find her; why should'st thou refuse?
 'Twas thou compelled her flight, and if indeed
 She's lost to me, why thou must answer for it.

Luc. Permit me to depart; I cannot aid you.
 Would to heaven, thou could'st find Camilla.

Pon. Is such thy honest wish? then follow me.
 Come, we are losing time—away, away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARCUS CEDITUS, and others.

Mar. Rages the pestilence so fiercely then ?

Flav. In every section of the city, sir,
Despair and death now grimly walk abroad.
Man avoids man ; even the dying wretch
Who craves for drink, to cool his fevered lips,
Receives no succour, and he dies unheeded.
The streets are sepulchres ; all nature's changed ;
Infants draw poison from their mother's breast ;
All ties are broken ; child deserts parent,
Parent abandons child.

Mar. Ah ! hapless Rome !
What make ye here ? why linger in the city ?

Flav. Here, 'tis said, the atmosphere is purer,
And hither we have come to seek a refuge
From the fell destroyer, trusting, too, to find
Among these ruins, our loved Camillus.

Mar. Where is the hero ?

Flav. When last I saw him,
With an anxious heart, bowed down with grief,
He sought his child, the wife of young Cominius.
Methought I saw but now a form glide by ;
Perchance 'tis he—follow, good citizens. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The dilapidated Gardens of CAMILLUS.*

A plain marble Monument, at the foot of which CAMILLUS is discovered kneeling, with CAMILLA, dead, in his arms.

Camillus. Dead ! my darling one ! my fair daughter,
She whom I loved ; so young and beautiful ! [dead !
Upon this breast, which oft has pillowed her,
In gentle, holy sleep has sunk to rest,
For ever—ay, for ever !

Well, what is life ?
To drain the cup, that is presented to us,
Or taste the food, daily before us placed,
Ne'er constituted life, as life should be.
To live, we must be useful, and to be useful,
We must possess affection, friends, and hopes,
To move us on to this same usefulness.

But none of these have I—I am a lone one
On this peopled earth—a blighted being,
With a broken heart—old, hapless, useless;
I now am in the sear—my age is reft
Of all that rendered life to me a blessing.
I feel my hour is coming; the coldness here,

[Laying his hand on his heart.]

Tells that death's icy hand is on me now.
The atmosphere is dense; my breath grows short;
My brain's confused; oh! I'm sick at heart!

[Lays the body of CAMILLA near the monument.]

There, my child, sleep by thy mother—I'll watch thee;
The dying shall watch the dead. Gently—who comes?

*Enter PONTUS COMINIUS, FLAVIUS, and the CITIZENS, with
whom LUCIUS APULEUS has mingled.*

Ha! Cominius! look, look here, my son.
'Tis she! I found her, Cominius, found her
A wandering maniac! she died upon my breast.
Look, look, what was once thy wife.

Pon. (bending over the body.) Eternal gods! Camilla!
ah! Camilla!

Wilt thou not look on me? wilt thou not speak
One word, one little word, to bless me, love?
She hears me not—she ne'er will speak again.

Camillus. Nay, never weep; behold, I do not weep.
I, that shed tears to bid farewell to Rome,
Shed not a tear, when I beheld my child,
Fade from this earth, for ever.

Pon. To lose her thus!
Not to be nigh to hear her parting blessing;
Thus found, when lost for ever!

Camillus. Arouse thee, man!
Where is *he*? where the wretch who drove her forth
To breathe a pestilential atmosphere?
Approach me not, Cominius; behold
These livid spots, the poison's in my blood.
Fly for your life!

Have ye come, citizens,
To join again the standard of Camillus?
Stop, I'll not quit the field—I'll still fight on;

First pluck this jav'lin from my bleeding wound;
Now then—charge! charge! ha! bravely done, my
friends!

Pon. Nay, Camillus—I do entreat ye, friends,
Bear with him.

Camillus. Off, off! I tell ye I am strong;
This wound is nought. Ha! we have traitors here!
In Roman ranks a traitor! O! shame! shame!
Will ye not drive him forth? there he stands.
This is he.

*[Snatching a sword, rushing on APULEUS, and
dragging him forward.]*

Luc. Help! save me from this madman,
Or I'm lost!

Camillus. Behold the sword of Justice!
I am her minister, and use it thus. *[Stabs APULEUS,*
I have obeyed the mandate of the gods!

[Falls, overcome, by the body of CAMILLA.]

Luc. 'Twas to the heart! I do entreat your prayers,
And to the gods divine, commend my soul. *[Dies.]*

Camillus, (partially raising himself.) Ye all look
strangely on me. Look your last.

The blood of life runs coldly in these veins.
Thy hand, Cominius—nay, give it not;
I had forgot, there's poison in my touch.
All forms grow dim before me! one is bright!
It is my daughter's—see, she beckons me—
Her voice is in mine ears. Yes, Camilla,
I am coming to join thee, my fair child,
For ever—yes, for ever—for ever.

[Falls dead on the body of CAMILLA.]

THE END.



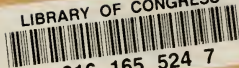
EPII

WRITTEN BY J. A. SHEA, E

Admirers of the histrionic art,
 You of the lofty soul and tropic heart ;
 To-night you've seen capricious fortune bear
 Camillus through his bright but sad career.
 His brow now circled with the laurel's leaf,
 Rome's conquering leader, and her people's chief.
 Now by a fiend-born enmity pursued,
 Now wandering in self-exiled solitude ;
 Now, when his penitential country calls,
 Driving the Goth invader from her walls ;
 Now glad with hope ; now phrenzied with despair ;
 Fierce as a lion bounding from his lair.
 Beholding now the pestilential stain,
 Plague in his breast, and madness in his brain ;
 And to his country's fortunes faithful still,
 Falling beneath an avalanche of ill.
 With what illustrious sorrow did that sire
 Behold the daughter of his heart expire ;
 That angel who, through all her star-like life,
 Loved as a daughter, worshipped as a wife ;
 Pursued her brilliant path with Roman pride,
 Virtue her shield, and dignity her guide.
 And oh ! what pride to see that dying dove
 Bless with her latest sigh her father's love,
 And sinless, flying that defiling slave,
 Expire upon her buried mother's grave.
 This lesson, friends, with Roman greatness fraught,
 Is by a young and native tutor taught.
 In *our* Camillus you behold a heart,
 Noble as well by nature as by art.
 Yes, yes ! in Pearson did you not behold,
 The patriot and the Roman lightning souled ?
 In the devoted daughter, you have one,
 Upon whose birth this classic city shone.
 Pride of my heart ! unmingled and alone !
 The poet and the artists ail your own !

In earlier days, when the barbarian hordo
 Showered round Athenia's walls with lance and sword,
 Minerva stood before their startled sight,
 And struck them with her eye's electric light.
 Will not Columbia, too, her own defend ;
 Her Athens, Philadelphia—you her friend ?
 When foreign foes your liberties assailed,
 You armed, met, marched, bled, battled, and prevailed.
 Not less imperatively do *we* now,
 Request your laurels for a *native's* brow.
 Then were you marshalled for your native land—
 To-night you're not a less efficient band ;
 By *freedom's* banners you were then combined—
 To-night you join the banners of the mind.

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